

LITERARY GEMS.

VOL. I.

THE SWEETS OF MANY A FLOWER.

NO. 8.

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One of the journals praises the production, and offers a specimen of his favourite story—the last, which, it says, is ably conceived, and admirably executed, and stands out, amongst the others, as conspicuous as Mrs. Gore dressed for an evening party, compared with Mrs. Gore in her morning cap and gown, sipping a cup of *café au lait*.

We transfer to the Gem the best half of the extract, and only have to remark on it as a whole,—*chacun a son gout*.

“As he passed through the inner vestibule, Lord Farrington was struck by the sight of a hat lying in a familiar guise on the marble slab; nor did the bosom of Robinson Crusoe beat with wilder vehemence on detecting the foot-print on the sand, than that of the desolate lord at the sight of a ‘town-made’ Bond street sold beaver, so full of promise as the one before him. He anticipated no common guest. There was a dashing originality in the cut of the article, that convinced him the incomparable Frank Bradshaw was his inmate; and scarcely was the door of the book-room thrown open by the sedate, well-powdered, priggish butler in waiting, when he beheld his cousin in *propria persona*, attempting to vault over the parapet wall bounding the terrace.

‘Frank! Frank Bradshaw, my dear boy! ejaculated Lord Farrington; ‘by Jove, I’m delighted to see you!’ But he might as well have restricted his apostrophe to the hat. Bradshaw was, according to his custom, engrossed by the object of the moment; and till he had fairly accomplished his project, and cleared at a bound the terrace wall, with the flower border and the gravel walk below, his noble friend had no chance of catching eye, or ear, or tongue.

‘Farr! my fine fellow,’ cried he at last, when, perceiving the arrival of his host, he dashed back through the open window, and was stretched at full length on the air-cushion sofa with the celerity of a Harlequin. ‘Here we cross, at the equinoctial point—you up to the town for the season—I to the North for salmon fishing. Like to see my new fly?—Linnæan Society going to present me with a medal for the invention: Got a thousand ready made up. Caught two swallows and a sand-martin with them already, angling out of the britchka as I came down from town.—Like to see one?’

‘Thank you; I am no judge. My brother Berkley is the Piscator of the family; or was, before he took to spreading his nets in Parliament, and baiting his hooks with—’

‘Berkley!—Berkley Murray is just now floundering in a stream, whence fish are landed only to be made bait of. Berkley!—no, no! his days of rod and line are past and over. But to judge from appearances he has provided a rod for his own back in a new line; eh?—ah!—rod—line—smart—eh?’

‘A new line!—I should have thought that Downing street left him little leisure for novelty hunting?’

‘By the way, they say this Mrs. Clermont is no novelty. It seems that she and Berkley used to play Phœbus and Daphne together, while he was an urchin in petticoats!—eh?—ah!—Phœbus and Daphne!—eh?’

‘Mrs. Clermont!—The lovely and accomplished individual we read of in the Morning Post, is, after

all, then, positively and truly old Danby’s ugly hoyden?—Phœbus and Daphne, my dear Frank!—Trust me, the nymph has experienced a metamorphosis twice as miraculous!’

‘Ugly? never beheld a more splendid creature! A poet’s beau idéal of Cleopatra;

Fair is her brow, but darkly delicate
Her cheek!

Mignon in her maturity!—Ninon in her girlhood!—His Majesty’s Secretary for the Home Department has every excuse for his infatuation.’

‘Do you mean that Murray is making an ass of himself by the publicity of his homage to this obscure adventurer?’

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‘Eh!—what!—how!—Lord Farrington’s son’s attorney’s wife, did you say?—Mrs. Clermont the wife of an attorney’s son?—Mrs. Clermont—the Mrs. Clermont?—A frank my dear Farr!—a frank!—I’m a made man. Lady Louisa Marcham will put me into her white book for the remainder of my days, for such a piece of intelligence. A frank an thou lovest me!’

‘Nay, I shall lend no aid to the circulation of a libel so big with the greatness of truth, respecting any dulcinea of my brother’s. If Murray,—or the stars, or the foolhood of the great world, choose to instal Miss Nancy as a goddess—with all my heart! Let her her even call herself the Lady Anne Clermont, and I will do nothing to nip her budding honours.’

‘What!—connive at a tacit imposture?—Fie, my dear Farr;—I tell you this thing of pounce and parchment is received as a fashionable gem of the first water.’

‘And what then?—In these enlightened times, when every blockhead one meets affects the cunning blade, and all the women in the world pretend to be thought women of the world, it is delicious to see the knowing ones taken in. In spite of Almack’s, with all its vouchers,—in spite of Tattersall’s with all its pedigrees,—one sometimes finds such gross frauds successful. People who insist upon seeing into a millstone, are so apt to break their noses in the examination!’

‘My philosophy is of a very different nature,’ cried Frank, taking a gold patent pen-maker from his waistcoat pocket, and proceeding to the writing table.

‘The only *esprit* to which I pretend is *esprit de corps*. In the purity of my conscience I really can’t allow Lady Louisa, and my own especial *clique*, to be imposed upon;—So here goes—’

‘DEAR LADY LOU,

‘Cut the Clermont *sans ceremonie*. (The creature is a country curate’s daughter,—a London attorney’s daughter-in-law); and place your escape from her acquaintance to the account of

Your ladyship’s obedient,

‘Farrington Castle.’ F. BRADSHAW.

‘There!—I need not add ‘Sunday,’ by way of date. Who writes letters in the country *except* on Sundays?’

‘Well, my dear Bradshaw, since you insist on making a little mischief, here is your envelope. The history may circulate for a week or two, as one of ‘Bradshaw’s entire;’ and there will be no great harm done.’

THE EXILE’S BRIDE.

This song is by Mrs. Moodie, formerly Miss Strickland, who may doubtless be viewed as herself the subject of her verse. Mr. Moodie would be the more appropriate author. We insert the lines, both for their own attractions, and as a specimen of the “Canadian Literary Magazine.”

Oh can you leave your native land,
An Exile’s Bride to be,—
Your Mother’s home and cheerful hearth,
To tempt the Main with me?—
Across the wide Atlantic,
To trace our foaming track,
And know the wave that heaves us on,
Will never bear us back?

And can you in Canadian woods
With me the harvest bind,
Nor feel one ling’ring and regret
For all you leave behind?
Can lily hands unused to toil,
The woodsman’s wants supply—
Nor shrink beneath the chilly blast,
When wintry storms are nigh?

Amid the shade of forests dark,
Thy loved Isle will appear
An Eden, whose delicious bloom
Will make the wild more dear,
And you in solitude may weep
O’er scenes beloved in vain,
And pine away your soul to view
Once more your native plain.

Then pause, dear Girl, ere those sweet lips
Your Wand’rer’s fate decide:
My spirit spurns the selfish wish;—
Thou shalt not be my Bride!
But, oh! that smile—those tearful eyes
My firmer purpose move;
Our hearts are one—and we will dare
All perils, thus to love!

Melsetter, near Cobourg, U.C.

DOMESTIC POETRY.

We have a letter before us from a very reputable and robust gentleman, who desires our opinion of his poetic abilities. He assures us that he lives in a cabin, buried deep in the forest, and ‘hunts for a living.’ This is not a singular case; the clergy in England, do little else than hunt for livings, and the busy crowds that throng our own streets, are all actively engaged in hunting for the same desirable object, a livelihood. It seems, however, that our worthy friend is not satisfied with seeking a subsistence in this life, but aspires to an immortal existence as a poet—a most perilous ambition, which will most probably change the hunter into a thing to be hunted, for critics are apt to make game of poets, and hunt them down for mere sport.

However, we are not disposed to be critical. We have no disposition, to use a western phrase, to ‘flusterate’ the views of our respectable correspondent, and shall without further comment lay before the reader a specimen or two from a long poem which has been transmitted to us, post paid, through the medium of the post office. It commences thus:

‘Fair lady, whose’er thou art, whose eye
Roams lightly o’er this modest page of ours,
Deem not too slightly of our minstrelsy,
Because our muse, in ivy-mantled bowers,
And not mid turrets, steeples, and shot-towers,
Disports her wing. Rude pioneers are we,
Who roam our native woods to cull its flowers,
Where antler’d deer are hid, and the lone panther cowers.’

Now that is not such bad poetry, considering that the author ‘hunts for a living.’ We are by no means certain, that he may not hunt for fame, with fair prospects of success. We see no reason why a cabin should not be as accessible to the visits of the muse as

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a garret; and if we might be permitted to do so, without being suspected of an attempt at a pun, which we despise, we should prophesy that he is already embarked, with fair prospects, as a cabin passenger, for Parnassus. The next stanza runneth in this wise:

'Yet lady, though the sun-burnt cheek,
May wear a dingy and ungraceful hue,
Though all unlearned in native phrase we speak,
Alike removed from Doctor and from Blue,
Perchance our heart, to love and nature true,
May find a power unknown to heathen Greek,
To win the poet's wreath in field so new,
From critics fair, 'the favored and enlightened few.'

A little further on, the gifted author introduces the following affecting morsel of autobiography, which will no doubt be particularly interesting at this moment, when the subject of education occupies so large a share of public attention, and the first impressions and early training of master minds are scrutinized with intense curiosity. Our poet was not cradled in luxury, bred in the halls of science, or introduced to an early acquaintance with the classics, the graces, or the fine arts. Far from it—

'For I was nurtured in a cabin low,
My play-house was a lonely hollow tree,
My food the milk of a tame buffalo,
My sport to rob the treasure of the bee;
A petted wolf, companion of my glee,
Shared my repast with a domestic crow;
I knew no care, save when condemned to see [me.]
A father's frown or scourge prepared for wolf, or crow, or

With these extracts, we submit the claims of our correspondent to the verdict of an indulgent public: tendering him our advice to publish the volume by all means, and assuring him of our intense curiosity to learn the remainder of the history of himself, his interesting foster-mother, and the innocent companions of his childhood, the crow and wolf."

THE DEATH OF HOFER.

"Florence, Jan. 20.

"DEAR LADY * * * * *

"Do not you already begin to repent that you commanded me to write to you on my return to Italy? I passed two entire months in Germany, and like the people. Of the country you know as much as I do—people who paid more attention to it have described it better than I could. In passing I saw Waterloo—an ugly table for an ugly game, played badly both by loser and winner. At Innspruck I entered the church in which Andreas Hofer is buried. He lies under a plain slab, on the left, near the door. I admired the magnificent tomb of bronze, in the centre, surrounded by heroes, real and imaginary. They did not fight tens against thousands—they did not fight for wives and children, but for lands and plunder—therefore they are heroes! My admiration of these works of art was soon satisfied—which, perhaps, it would not have been in any other place. Snow, mixed with rain, was falling, and was blown by the wind upon the tomb of Hofer. I thought how often he had taken advantage of such weather for his attacks against the enemies of his country, and I seemed to hear his whistle in the wind. At the little village of Landro—(I feel a whimsical satisfaction in the likeness of the name to mine)—the innkeeper was the friend of this truly great man—the only great man that Europe has produced in our days, excepting his true compeer, Kosciusko. By the order of Bonaparte, the companions of Hofer, eighty in number, were chained, thumb-screwed, and taken out of prison in couples, to see him shot. He had about him one thousand florins, in paper currency, which he delivered to his confessor, requesting him to divide it impartially among his unfortunate countrymen. The confessor, an Italian, who spoke German, kept it, and never gave relief from it to any of them,—most of whom were suffering, not only from privation of wholesome air, to which, among other privations, they never had been accustomed, but also from scantiness of nourishment and clothing. Even in Mantua,

where, as in the rest of Italy, sympathy is both weak and silent, the lowest of the people were indignant at the sight of so brave a defender of his country led into the public square to expiate a crime unheard of for many centuries in their nation. When they saw him walk forth, with unaltered countenance and firm step before them—when, stopping on the ground which was about to receive his blood, they heard him, with unflinching voice, commend his soul and his country to the Creator,—and, as if still under his own roof, a custom with him after the evening prayer, implore a blessing for his boys and little daughter, and for the mother who had reared them up carefully and tenderly thus far through the perils of childhood,—finally, when in a lower tone, but earnestly and emphatically, he besought pardon from the Fount of Mercy for her brother, his betrayer,—many smote their breasts aloud; many, thinking that sorrow was shameful, lowered their heads and wept; many, knowing that it was dangerous, yet wept too. The people remained upon the spot an unusual time; and the French, fearing some commotion, pretended to have received an order from Bonaparte for the mitigation of the sentence, and publicly announced it. Among his many falsehoods, any one of which would have excluded him for ever from the society of men of honour, this is perhaps the basest; as, indeed, of all his atrocities, the death of Hofer, which he had ordered long before, and appointed the time and circumstances, is, of all his actions, that which the brave and virtuous will reprobate the most severely. He was urged by no necessity—he was prompted by no policy: his impatience of courage in an enemy, his hatred of patriotism and integrity in all, of which he had no idea himself, and saw no image in those about him, outstripped his blind passion for fame, and left him nothing but power celebrity.

"Believe me, dear Lady * * * * *

"Your very obliged and obedient servant,

"WALTER S. LANDOR."

ANCIENT STATUE.—A splendid statue, supposed to be of Theseus, has been recently discovered in one of the sewers of ancient Athens. It is about the size of Apollo Belvidere, and of the finest marble and best style of sculpture.

INSECTS.

"The whole material world is divided into the three kingdoms, MINERAL, VEGETABLE, and ANIMAL. The Animal kingdom is separated into two general divisions, the first consisting of VERTEBRAL animals, or those having a skeleton; the second of INVERTEBRAL, or those having no skeleton. To the first division belong Man, Quadrupeds, Birds, and Fishes. The second division consists of five classes, which we will name: First, Insects; second, Crustacea, such as the lobster and crab; third, Mollusca, such as the oyster, clam, and snail; fourth, Worms, as the common earth-worm, which is not an insect; and fifth, Zoophytes, as the sun-fish, the star-fish, &c. Insects are the most perfect of the Invertebral animals. The most remarkable fact in the history of insects, is, that they exist in four distinct states of being. First, they are found wrapt up in the egg; from the egg they come forth, caterpillars, grubs, or maggots; in this state they are said by naturalists to be in the *Larva* state; they then pass into the chrysalis state, as it is generally called, known by naturalists as the *Pupa* state; from the Pupa comes forth the perfect insect, such as the fly, the butterfly, the beetle. All true insects pass through these changes; but the spider comes from the egg a spider, and to his old age, ever remains a spider; consequently, he is not a true insect; but as he has had no separate place assigned him as yet, it would be hard to turn him from the rank he has so long enjoyed, and we will accordingly treat him as though he were in truth a member of our dynasty. And now let us to our work.

The true place to observe nature is, of course, the country; so prithee, gentle reader, take thy hat and staff, and let us stroll awhile by the river-side, and so round through the meadows home again.*

It is a lovely day for a ramble; the clear sky, and still, sweet air are more than luxuries to one that has been vegetating all winter mid smoke and darkness. I know nothing more pleasant than one of these May-days in the gloomy month of March; it is like meeting a near friend unexpectedly, in a foreign land. Look, how stilly the river rolls along; you may see the motion of the current, and the little whirlpools of the eddy, but they seem the mere sportings of the flood. The smoke from yonder paper-mill, rises in undisturbed dignity, spreading itself out as in repose upon the motionless air. And hark! you may hear the puff, puff, puff, of some untiring steamer that is coming round the far-off point. Let us sit awhile on this log, and watch its approach. But all this, you say, has very little to do with insects, and in faith, as far as you can see, this is but a poor time of year for bug-hunting; so it is, my friend. Compared with May, or midsummer, or harvest-time, which are the insect Paradise seasons, we shall now find but little to interest us; however, observation will discover what you would not, at first, dream to be in existence. And as I live, here's a case in point. Do you observe that hole in the stick my foot is on, partly filled with little bits of wood? Who dug that hole, think you? An insect. True, and for what purpose? For food, you say; there you err. The little fellow that bored that hole, had no more taste for sawdust, than you and I, my friend. Lend me your penknife a moment. As I split off the wood, you may see the hole is of some depth; and here at the end, we have two egg-like bags; they contain, if I mistake not, some young bees in the chrysalis state, this bag being the Pupa case, as it is termed. I tear the bag carefully away, and lo! the little bee. See, he puts out his legs, and moves his young wings, and turns his head about, in a state of complete wonderment, at the new world we have ushered him into; poor fellow! we have broken his slumbers before it was time, and I fear he will lose his life in consequence. But let us, while he is staring about, and learning which foot to put foremost, inquire a little into his history. He's of the family of carpenter bees; his mother, who looked very much like him, was an industrious, hard-working lady. She started in life with a determination to provide well, as all mothers should, for the safety and support of her offspring; she picked out this stick, I doubt not, with uncommon care; she saw it was dry enough to work easily, and sound enough to keep out the wet; with her strong jaws, she picked out, bit by bit, these little morsels of wood, which she collected close by in a heap, so as to be handy for filling up; when her hole was deep enough, she collected a little honey, which she carefully kneaded up with some of that dust, which you find in flowers, called *pollen*, making what we denominate bee-bread; this she placed at the bottom of her nest; upon this she laid her two eggs, and then filled up the hole again very nicely, with the little chips which she had taken from it. In due time, our friend here—who is, by the way, beginning to be somewhat more active—this little fellow and his brother came from their eggs, and began, as maggots, with a most excellent appetite, to depredate upon the bread which had been laid up for them. This they soon finished; but still it was quite enough, for the mother's instinct never errs; she never gives too little, nor yet too much. Having eaten their allowance, they spun themselves

* Some apology may seem necessary for adopting this very commonplace mode of bringing the subject before the reader; we would simply remark, that it appeared to us to offer advantages towards unfolding the subject in a popular way, that a more didactic mode would not; enabling the writer to speak more familiarly, and as the saying is, less like a book.

these meal-bag looking coats, and turned in for the winter. Had we not disturbed them, they would have slept till warm weather, when they would have put off this thick garment, burrowed their way through the sawdust which closed their apartment, and gone forth to enjoy the beauties of nature, to raise families in their turn, and that being done, to die.

This little fellow has a relative in Europe, whose manners are yet more interesting. The European carpenter bee digs into a post about an inch horizontally; she then turns, and goes down perpendicularly a foot or more. Having made her cell deep enough, she collects a store of bee-bread, which she places at the bottom, upon which she lays a single egg; her object now is, to build a flooring, on which to place another egg; she accordingly takes a parcel of the little chips which she has dug out; these she mixes up with a glutinous substance, which she, in common with most insects, secretes; and with the mortar thus formed, she builds a little ring-like projection all round the inside of her cell, just above the egg which she has laid; within this ring, she forms another, and so goes on, each being smaller than the preceding, until a complete flooring is formed; here she places her second egg, builds another floor, lays another egg, and then another, and another, until she has inclosed perhaps a dozen little ones. But now comes a difficulty; the first egg laid will be first hatched, and the maggot first become a bee, and the bee be ready to go abroad and see the world, and do her duties therein; but how shall the lowest one of all, first get out? To make this easy, the mother lays each egg in such a manner that the maggot, when born, may have its head downward, and moreover bores a hole in the post opposite to the lowest of all. When the maggot in this lowest cell has eaten its fill, passed through the chrysalis state, and become a bee, it eats its way through the thin partition which divides it from society, and is off. The one in the next cell becomes in turn a perfect insect, gnaws through its flooring, passes through the vacated cell, and goes abroad; and so, one after the other, they break through the floor of their chamber, and pass away through this very convenient back door.

These bees, as you may perceive from what I have said, are solitary; they do not, like our hive bees, live in communities, but in single pairs; and the female, instead of being, like the hive bee, a queen, has in fact to do all the work; the husband is away on some mischievous errand, or perhaps regaling himself with a nice dish of honey, while the poor wife is digging away like any day-labourer; at most, when the nest is dug, and the wife is abroad after food, the husband does but stay at home, sticks his hard head into the door-way, to keep out unwelcome visitors, and sleeps away the time till his industrious lady comes back again.

And this is the case with most of the solitary insects. There is a little bee somewhat akin to the one we have here, save that it builds in stone instead of wood, and has therefrom acquired the name of the *mason bee*. If you stand by a clay-bank of a summer's day, you may see a great number of little bees going into a hole in the bank, and presently returning with a bit of clay in their mouths. If you go near this hole, they will pay very little attention to you, and if you drive them away, they will begin to dig a hole elsewhere in the neighbourhood. This will convince you they are not making themselves a nest there, as at first you perhaps thought they were. The fact is, they are quarrying materials for building, and though each builds a nest for herself, yet they quarry in company, because it is an object to them to get into the interior of the bank, where the clay is soft. Follow one of these little miners home; you will find that she flies to a brick wall, it may be, not far off; she alights on a part of the wall where there is no sign of a nest however, and begins to look about into all the cracks, and cracks, and holes, that she can find; you

think her but a stupid personage, after all, not to know the way to her own house; but, my friend, put that long person of yours behind some tree in the neighbourhood, and you will soon see the cunning mother, after looking round to see that no one is watching, go directly to her nest, put on the pellet of clay she has in her mouth, and away again for another. If you examine the nest, you will find it is a hole which has been dug into the mortar between two bricks, and that the mother is now constructing a cover for this hole with the clay which she is carrying home. In this house she puts her bee-bread, lays her eggs, and closes the entrance. The little bee, when he is ready to come forth, eats his way through the stony roof without the least difficulty. But if you put over this stone a piece of gauze, he cannot for the life of him get through it—so well are his jaws fitted for breaking stone, so poorly for cutting the least thread. The ancients, who had some odd notions respecting insect economy, thought when they saw these bees carrying pebbles and bits of clay in their mouths, that they carried them as ballast, in case of a squall.

There are many other solitary bees whose manners are well worth looking into; but see, our poor *protège* here is beginning to find the air too cold for him, though to us it appears so mild; his wings move feebly, his legs are getting stiff, a premature old age is evidently coming over him; his claws lose their hold, his feelers droop, a film is darkening his sight; he makes a vain effort to fly, though he can scarce crawl. Poor fellow, I fear it is all over with him—his pulse is getting low—his chance is gone—there he goes, over onto his back, his legs stretch out and stiffen; farewell,—I shall dream of you to-night, Mr. Carpenter; farewell,—your fate has made me so melancholy, I will e'en back to town again. We will finish our walk, kind sir, some other time, and do more, I trust, than we have to-day.

TRAVELS OF A STUDENT.

Mr. John Smith, who gives us a history of his journey on horseback between Philadelphia and Baltimore, in a communication to the *Western Monthly Magazine*, has in reserve we think some interesting anecdotes of what fell out "by the way side." After an indifferent dinner, our hero very naturally remarks:

"The romantic images of love and beauty, which had filled my imagination, gave place to voluptuous reflections upon the pains and pleasures of eating. I recalled the joyous feasts and juicy viands of which I had at various periods of my life partaken. My thoughts reverted from rosy maidens to roast meat, and from chip bonnets to chipped beef. A long list of pleasant luncheons, and good solid dinners, arose to my memory. The delightful apparition of a smiling landlady, distributing compliments and coffee, dispensing honied words and fried ham, and spreading gladness around her as she spread her white table-cloth, became pictured vividly upon my glowing fancy. I honored, in anticipation, her culinary skill, and devoured with delight the savory morsels provided by her cheerful inn-hospitality. I revelled in imagination upon a voluminous catalogue of dainties, my excursive fancy roving, not

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe,'

but rather, as the reader will naturally believe,

From goose to grouse, from venison to pig.

In short, instead of wondering who I should marry, I wondered what I should get for supper!

In the evening, I stopped at a small but neat tavern. It was a cottage looking affair—a pretty house, painted white, and embowered with shady trees. It

had an inviting air of cleanliness and coolness; and exhibited ample evidence of plentiful living. Fat pigs grunted about the door, well fed turkey-cocks strutted over the grass-plot, lazy ducks waddled in a puddle, and scores of modest sleek-looking pullets were trying to pick up an honest living in the yard. The cows had come home to be milked. In addition to all this,

'I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled,
Above the snug kitchen that tea time was near;
And I said, if good eating is found in the world,
A traveller that's hungry might hope for it here.'

Accordingly I dismounted, sent my horse to the stable, and ordered supper. The landlady, a spruce dame, with a light quick step, a piercing eye, and a shrill voice, made her appearance and her best courtesy.

'What would you like to have, sir?' inquired the lady.

'Any thing, good madam—any thing; if it comes soon, and there is enough of it.'

'Would you fancy ham and eggs, or a broiled chicken?'

'A broiled chicken! bless the woman, how she talks! an egg, for a man famished, and perishing with hunger! I beg you not to name such trifles. They provoke appetite, but cannot satisfy it. Why, madam, I could eat an ox roasted whole, or a wagon horse stuffed with a flock of geese.'

'Perhaps, sir, a beefsteak.'

'Now you talk reasonably. Let it be so, if you please. There is solid eating, and much nourishment in a beefsteak. If you think proper to add a few slices of ham, a pair of chickens, and a dozen eggs, very well—but let the chief dependence be a beefsteak, done rare.'

'Did thee say beefsteak?' interrupted a third voice. A traveller who had just ridden up, entered the room. He was a portly man, of sedate demeanour. His round face, clear complexion, and goodly dimensions, exhibited the wholesome effects of good living, and told as plainly as the same fact could have been expressed in the purest English, that their possessor ate good beef, drank excellent Madeira, and did not stint himself with regard to either. He had the staid substantial air of a man of business. His eye was wary, and the muscles of his face composed. One could tell at a glance that he was a well-fed citizen; one who rose early, ate a substantial breakfast, and walked to his counting-house with a punctuality, which nothing but the striking of a state-house clock could excel. There was thrift in his looks; but he was a merry man, with a wrinkle in the corner of his eye, that betrayed a lurking propensity for a sly joke. His dress was plain, such as denoted a reputable member of the Society of Friends.

'There was no guile within his breast,
No ruffles on his shirt.'

'Did thee say beef-steak?' said the stranger, who caught these words as he entered, 'I like thy choice, friend, and if there be no objection, I will join thee.'

I acceded cheerfully to this proposition, and in a short time we were comfortably seated at a board amply spread with good things, in the midst of which smoked that delectable dish, so savory to the palate of a hungry equestrian. Worthy reader, do you love beefsteak? Have you a clear and definite idea of the admirable viand, which is characterized by that homely name? Have you an exquisite sense of the rich and luscious delicacy of a steak done exactly to a

turn? Can you close your eyes to the gross objects of reality which may surround you, and revel in imagination upon this delightful dish? Can you fancy it smoking on the table, rich and rare as a pearl of the ocean, swimming in red gravy, and filling the atmosphere with an odor more grateful to a person of taste, than the spicy breezes of Arabia, more inviting to a person of elegant and refined appetite, than the fabled delicacies of an oriental feast? Behold then, the notable Mrs. Cleverly, clothed in all the dignified benevolence of mistress of a feast:

'Rich and rare were the steaks she bore,
And a snow-white cap on her head she wore,
And oh! her beauty could not compare
With her snowy cap, and her beef so rare!'

But I dare not trust myself farther on this subject. Enough said. The intelligent reader will understand that the travellers had good appetites, that the supper was excellent, and that the hostess was the very phoenix of notable landladies; the sequel is left to his own good sense and experience.

The incident above stated, opened the way to a cordial intercourse between myself and the worthy quaker. The remarkable coincidence of taste and appetite, exhibited on the eventful evening of our first acquaintance induced a mutual feeling of profound respect. However we might differ in age, in religion, in politics, there was one point in respect to which our sentiments held a parallel course. We were Philadelphians, and knew how to relish a good beef-steak. It was therefore with mutual pleasure that we learned that we should both travel the same road, for at least another day, and the proposition to travel together was cheerfully made, and as cheerfully accepted. I have seldom spent a more agreeable day. My new acquaintance was not only a man of general information, but was intimately acquainted with the tract of country through which we rode, could point out all its local peculiarities, and could narrate the historical events connected with it. I was much interested, and of course a good listener; and so we jogged on, mutually pleased. The truth was, that although not personally acquainted with each other, we were from the same city, and when we had mentioned our names to each other, we were not altogether strangers.

As evening approached, my companion said, 'Well, young friend, would thee like me to take thee to good quarters to-night?'

'I should be glad to place myself under your guidance. Do you know of a good house that we can stop at?'

'That I do; one that I can recommend.'

'Do they cook well there?'

'Excellently.'

'And are the beds neat?'

'As nice as the hands of quaker girls can make them.'

'Then the tavern-keeper is a Friend.'

'Even so—a she Friend—a widow, with a house full of maiden sisters; a rare lot of old maids as you shall see in a summer's day. I have not seen them for many years, but I know all that concerns thee, namely, that they keep a good house, and will entertain thee well.'

So we talked and travelled, until my companion, turning into a shady lane, which led up to a house of plain exterior, but ample dimensions, exclaimed—'here is our stopping-place.'

'This is a private dwelling,' said I, checking my horse.

'They never refused to entertain me,' replied my friend.

'Perhaps they are friends of yours.'

'The landlady is certainly a friend,' said the quaker, slyly, 'but she neither bakes nor brews any the worse for that. Come, thee promised I should guide thee. I answer for it, thee shall have good lodgings.'

By this time we were at the door, and not knowing what to do or say, I followed the example of my companion, and dismounted. A thickly shaded green separated us from the mansion, which had the appearance of an old fashioned farm-house. Rows of large trees stood thick around it, and clusters of vines and flowering shrubs were tastefully scattered about in every direction. We were now standing in full view of the windows, and no sooner had we turned our faces towards the house, than a train of females issued from the front door—first, the widow, then the five maiden sisters, then a slim girl, who brought up the rear. 'Dear brother!' 'dear Jeremiah!' exclaimed the female train, as they gathered round the portly quaker, each in turn embracing him in the most affectionate manner. Then taking his oldest sister by the hand, he turned towards me, and said, 'sister, this is my oldest son Nicodemus!' No sooner was this announcement made, than the widow advanced towards me with every demonstration of joy and surprise, clasped me in her arms, and kissed me with the most eager affection. Then followed the vestal train, each of whom placed her withered hand in mine, laid her cold lips to my burning cheek, and honored me with a kiss as pure and as cold as an icicle. Last of all, a blooming girl, all loveliness and beauty, who had timidly lingered in the rear, while she supposed herself in the presence of a stranger, no sooner learned that I was her 'cousin Nicodemus,' than she ran into my arms. I pressed her soft hand and her warm lip, and felt quite willing to play the character, into which I had been thus oddly cast, as long as might suit the convenience of my friend, the quaker.

We had no sooner entered the hospitable mansion, than a critical survey was commenced of my stature, features, hair, eyes, &c. in all of which particulars it was generally agreed that I bore a remarkable resemblance to my father, or some other of my newly found progenitors. Many profound remarks were made upon the fidelity with which the family expression was conveyed from one generation to another, and all declared that they would have known me wherever they had met me. I began to feel vexed, and wished the quaker at Jericho.

INDIAN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—The Indian first broke a hole in the ice sufficiently large enough to admit us both, upon which he made a signal that all was ready. Enveloped in a large buffalo robe, I proceeded to the spot, and throwing off my covering, we both jumped into the frigid orifice together. He immediately commenced rubbing my shoulders, back, and loins: my hair, in the meantime, became ornamented with icicles; and while the lower joints were undergoing their friction, my face, neck, and shoulders were incased in a thin covering of ice. On getting released, I rolled a blanket about me, and ran back to the bed-room, in which I had previously ordered a good fire, and in a few minutes I experienced

a warm glow all over my body. Chilling and disagreeable as these maternal ablutions were, yet, as I found them so beneficial, I continued them for twenty-five days, at the expiration of which my physician was pleased to say that no more were necessary, and that I had done my duty like a wise man. I was never after troubled with a rheumatic pain.

GRAND CAIRO.—Cairo is situated on the base of considerable hills, whose origin cannot be accounted for, but which are undoubtedly artificial. They are formed by the ruins and the rubbish of centuries.—When I witness these extraordinary formations, which are not uncommon in the neighbourhood of Eastern cities, I am impressed with the idea of the immense antiquity of oriental society.

There is a charm about Cairo, and it is this—that it is a capital in a desert. In one moment you are in the stream of existence, and in the other in boundless solitude, or, which is still more awful, the silence of tombs. I speak of the sepulchres of the Mamlouk sultans without the city. They form what may indeed be styled a city of the dead, an immense Necropolis, full of exquisite buildings, domes covered with fret-work, and minarets carved and moulded with rich and elegant fancy. To me, they proved much more interesting than the far-famed Pyramids, although their cones in the distance are indeed sublime,—their gray cones soaring in the light blue sky.

The genius that has raised the tombs of the sultans, may also be traced in many of the mosques of the city—splendid specimens of Saracenic architecture. In gazing upon these brilliant creations, and also upon those of ancient Egypt, I have often been struck by the felicitous system which they display, of ever forming the external ornaments by inscriptions. How far excelling the Grecian and Gothic methods! Instead of a cornice, of flowers, or any entablature of unmeaning fancy, how superior to be reminded of the Creator, or the necessity of government, the deeds of conquerors, or the discoveries of arts!

FAIRIES.

Race of the rainbow wing, the deep blue eye,
Whose palace was the bosom of a flower;
Who rode upon the breathing of a rose;
Drank from the harebell; made the moon the queen
Of their gay revels; and whose trumpets were
The pink-veined honey-suckle; and who rode
Upon the summer butterfly; who slept
Lulled in the sweetness of the violet's leaves,—
Where are ye now?—And ye of eastern tale,
With your bright palaces, your emerald halls
Gardens whose fountains were of liquid gold;
Trees with their ruby fruit and silver leaves,
Where are ye now? L. E. L.

NICHOLAS LA FEVRE.—This philosopher was appointed by Charles II. superintendent over the royal laboratory at St. James's: he was also a member of the Royal Society, and the friend of Boyle, to whom he communicated the secret of infusing young blood into old veins, with a notion that he could renovate that which admits of no second creation.

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